

# INQUISITOR

September 15, 1977

The Paper that Lines the Nations Bird Cages

HOW YOUR  
SHOE SIZE  
REVEALS SEX  
PREFERENCE

PAGE 100

**PARKING METERS VIOLATED...**

## ENGINEERING PRES IMPLICATED IN CAMPUS SEX SCANDAL

**How to Cut Your Risk  
of Getting Syphilis  
by 100%**

page 3

★ ★ ★

**How to Prevent Your  
Vibrator from Short  
Circuiting in the Tub**

page 4

★ ★ ★

**Startling Nude Photo  
of Dean Etkin**

centerfold

★ ★ ★

**Sperm Banks:  
Self-Abuse for  
Fun and Profit**

page 69

★ ★ ★

**89-Year Old Nun  
Claims Robert Redford  
and Paul Newman  
Gang-Raped Her**

page 7



**EXCLUSIVE: ORAL INGESTION OF FLAVOURED  
DOUCHES CAUSES CANCER IN MALE RATS**



# TERRIBLE WEAPONS UNVEILED

The latest superweapons to arise are the deadliest yet. The thermonuclear fart: Like the neutron bomb its prime function is killing people. The difference is the horrid method of killing. Death is from

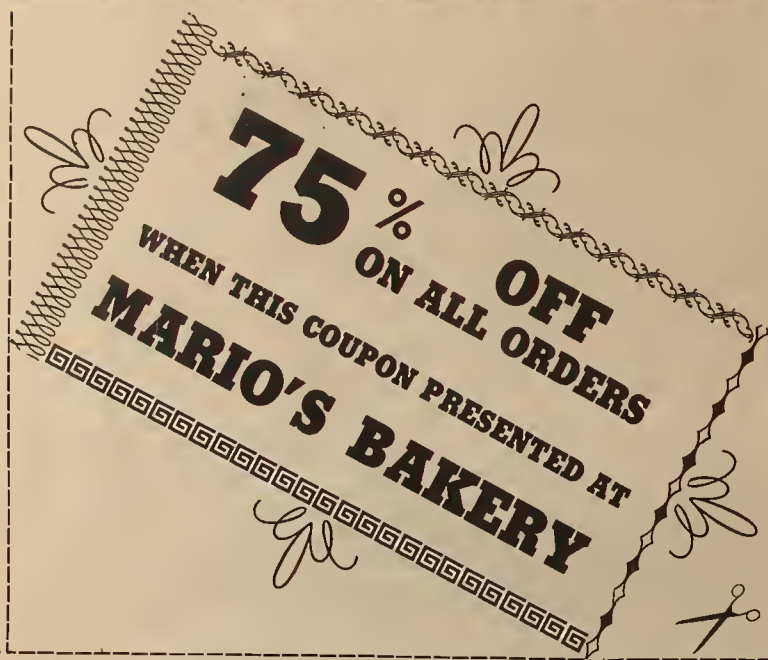
severe olfactory sensory overload or asphyxia. The bomb leaves a crater four miles in diameter. The atomic hand grenade: This leaves a blast crater forty feet in diameter, the only drawback is the average soldier can

only toss it twenty feet. The Long Range Tank: This new tank has the same specifications as existing tanks except in the way of mileage. This newest addition enjoys the economy of sixty miles to the gallon. The only

difficulty is that this tank runs on coffee.

These new artsie weapons are primarily for use against the Engineer and join their existing forces. The Basic Artsman can be

identified by apparel (dresses, makeup, etc.), impossible to interrogate since it cunningly remains in a state of constant confusion. It is advised that the engineer be wary of this obviously superior equipment and higher intelligence.



## The F!rosh Advisor

This year, the Toike is publishing a series of articles designed to assist the Engineering FIROSH in becoming adequately knowledgeable in Skule routine. The first of these articles deals with the position of the Engineering FIROSH in the hierarchy of University of Toronto life. In discovering his relative position in this somewhat complex hierarchy, it is hoped that the FIROSH will quickly lose any fears and apprehensions that he has so needlessly cultivated, and settle down to a normal Skule routine.

As is customary in Toike student service articles, we prefer to substantiate all information and advice by requesting the opinions and drawing on the knowledge of experts in those fields pertaining to our articles. For this article, we interviewed Professor Vladimir Korkusoff, author of the bestselling book, "The Sociological and Economic Implications of the Pecking Order in a Stable Hierarchy." TOIKE: Professor, in chapter 73 of your book, you have done an analysis of the University pecking order. Perhaps you would summarize this information for our readers.

PROF: Ah, yes. I see that you have familiarized yourself with the excellent best-selling book, "The Sociological and Economic Implications of the Pecking Order in a Stable Hierarchy," by the award-winning author, Professor Vladimir Korkusoff. You would, of course, like to have your copy autographed.

TOIKE: Uh, yes of course, Professor. Could you please give us a brief rundown of the pecking order as it exists at the University of Toronto?

PROF: Hrrumph. Perhaps it would be somewhat advantageous to start at

the lowest position. The sole contender for this category seems to be the Arts \* Science student, particularly the fine arts student who may also be known as "artsie-fartsie, artsie faggot," or, more commonly, as "you goddam artsie queer." Although this applies mainly to arts students of the male sex, it has been found by much direct experiment, that the female arts student may sometimes make good company for members of the higher echelons.

TOIKE: Exactly where does the Jock fit in?

PROF: The jock does not fit anywhere or into anything. When, for example, discussing the achievements of modern man, we do not as a rule include the accomplishments of a brontosaurus.

TOIKE: That's an interesting statement. Would you care to elaborate, professor?

PROF: Perhaps that can best be done by carrying the analogy further. Picture this. A typical Jock is walking across front campus. He is hit in the side of the head by an ill-aimed (or well-aimed) baseball. It could conceivably take up to 25 seconds before he notices anything. When, and if he does, he will likely stop walking, look around, and hold out his hands to check for rain. If he were struck anywhere below the neck, he would likely never notice. Now then, do you actually expect such a creature to be taken into consideration?

TOIKE: Uh, your point is well taken, professor. Getting back to Arts and Science, where do the science students stand?

PROF: Usually at home. Either that or lay around on the lawn at Sid Smith. During their off hours that is, which outnumber their on hours by a

factor of four to one. Nevertheless, they stand somewhat higher in the social structure than the arts student, who spends both his on and off hours (all 18 per week of them) grumbling dissent about the state of affairs in this world and rectifying them by joining the Marxist Leninist Neo-Maoist Trotskyist League of Revolutionaries. After all, if you have nothing whatsoever going for you, why not revolt?

TOIKE: What exactly is the next higher niche in the hierarchy?

PROF: The professional faculties come next. This group does, of course, contain its own hierarchy. It ranges from the lowest, dentistry, to the highest, engineering.

Engineering, being also one of the most diversified faculties, contains yet another hierarchy. Although the position of the individual engineering disciplines is hotly debated, there is a general consensus that the department known as Engineering Science is definitely at the bottom, bordering on the verge of the engineering elite and other less prestigious departments. It is fortunate however, that some 60, of hopeful Engineering Science FIROSH will redeem themselves and become something other by the end of first year.

TOIKE: Well, thank you for that excellent information, professor. I have no doubt that you have eased the mind of many an apprehensive FIROSH in pointing out his inherent physical, emotional, and intellectual superiority to the other plebeian hoards of "students" on this campus.

PROF: Thank you, and I hope you will read my upcoming best-selling book, "The Perpetration of Persecution Perpetuated by Persistent Persecution."

## MY LONGEST NIGHT

by Joe F!rosh

I must have been there for hours; silent, unmoving, oblivious to the raucous din that surrounded me. Occasionally I would stir from my torpor to catch bare glimpses of where I had been. My mind seemed not a part of my body as I lolled in waves of a false euphoria. I felt as though I were looking down on the scene from miles above, seeing my body in a horribly distorted state; long tentacle-like arms constantly reaching; heavy, unresponsive legs rooted to the floor; dull, glassy, vacant eyes embedded in a hideously misshapen skull of immense thickness. And yet, somehow I knew that I belonged to this mockery of homo sapiens.

I was not the only one in that room, however. I had been placed at a time-worn table and I was sitting on a chair that must have been old when the world was new. On either side of me, creatures every bit as monstrous as I were engaged in varying degrees of conversation. At least, I suppose it was conversation for though I saw their mouths moving, my nearly inoperative brain registered nothing. Others were in the process of obtaining what must have been a palatable refreshment, judging by the relish with which they consumed it. Had I not been so detached, the sound of it being ingested might have sickened me. Still others around me were quite immobile, either staring off into space, or barely conscious with their heads on the table.

The air was dank with the smell of a thousand fires and it closed around my throat like the icy hand of death. Again, only my nearly total lack of awareness prevented me from succumbing to its vicious assault. From over in the corner of this room, high-pitched wailing noises emitted with such intensity that they made the skin crawl...and far from keeping other beings away, this noise drew them steadily towards it, begging metallic sustenance from them.

In still other corners, other people clustered around a curiously lit, coffin-shaped box which must have behaved most annoyingly as it was the recipient of violent streams of verbal and physical abuse.

Elsewhere, beings formed gigantic lines as they impatiently waited to gain entrance to some unknown rooms. I was just able to realize that those beings who exited this room wore looks of indescribable serenity on their faces, in marked contrast to the anxiety-ridden look they wore upon entering. I must have blacked out then, for the watch on my wrist jumped an hour and a half.

When I came to, I discerned the presence of several hundred more entities in the room. The previously obnoxious air seemed like nectar as all present sucked the precious oxygen from it at an alarming rate. Behind and around me, more tables appeared, stealing what little space there was. The screeching from the corner grew even wilder as it consumed a steady diet of metal. The lines were longer than before, and the lighting grew dim. I couldn't shut out the furor any longer, as horrendous pain welled up in my abdomen.

I hoped it would subside, but it became that much greater. I knew I couldn't stay at that crowded little

table any more, so I stood up to leave. The room presented itself at a wild angle as my tortured brain barked out commands to my massive legs. I plodded forward at a snail's pace past more tables of vegetating flesh, following an innate urging to that room where anxiety and serenity were strange bedfellows. I gasped suddenly and doubled over as waves of pain and nausea washed over me. I faltered for only a moment, disturbing a table of other beings staring fixedly at pieces of numbered paper.

After what seemed an eternity, I arrived at the room. I saw that the line was miles long, and I thought of taking a place, but almost as an answer, I reeled from a blast of pain. I took hold of the beings at the front of this line and tossed them aside like flies. Others in the line gaped in horror as I grabbed the huge reinforced door and literally tore it from the walls. Had the pain not been driving me so hard, I might have marvelled at my strength, much as the others did. I tore off a second and final door with even greater urgency only to be assaulted by the stagnant, putrid air within. The stench revolted me, and I wondered why the lines were so great.

I probed into the darkness of this near-mausoleum with little or no trepidation. Something urged me onwards and I obeyed without a thought. And there, illuminated by the poor light of the now open doorway, I saw the dweller of this forsaken place.

It stood against the wall, silent and motionless, reminiscent of a cornered rodent. It stared mercilessly at me, its huge mouth yawning like a canyon. I winced at a renewed stab of pain as I stared down its bottomless gullet. Its appalling smell poured over me like the slime in the sewers as I remained transfixed by the pain. It began to shoot through my whole body, and I knew that the time was now. I felt electrified by the gleaming white throat that faced me with no sign of emotion. In either an act of desperate courage or of unimaginable stupidity, I lunged toward the mouth of this monstrosity. Suddenly, I felt a surge of unbridled power as I faced my enemy; I stood rooted to the ground and hurled a ray with uncanny accuracy into its porcelain white throat. I held my ground as the relentless onslaught continued, second after second without let. I could see through the crackling of raw power that I was slowly, almost imperceptibly making progress. I stepped up the force to nearly unbearable intensity in a crazy effort to fell the beast. I continued for almost a full minute before I heard the unmistakable sounds of surrender...tearing of flesh, crumbling of steel and porcelain, the rending of iron claws as I succeeded in blasting it from its hole in the wall.

I almost knew the honey-sweet taste of victory as I saw it fall, but in my over-enthusiasm I neglected to curb my onslaught. I was taken by surprise as the force, previously on my side, sent me reeling backwards in a mind-ripping spin, only to hit my head on the far wall of this arena where I had bested a creature of indescribable might.

When I awoke, I was kicked out of Erindale pub for wrecking the toilet.



# Harried Chem I Jumps to Death and is Resurrected

The atmosphere at the orientation football game was generally disoriented, and the crowd was unruly, drunk, disorderly, and horny (nurses). It was cloudy at the time and the pressure had built up to 15 P.S.I.

Suddenly, a FIROSH was seen balancing himself precariously on the barbed wire above the stands. Apparently, he was Mike P. Rowdy, a disoriented Chem I, who had just been left by his friend of two hours, Joanne, a roommate of Sue, a friend of Joe, A.W.K.E.S.P. (a well-known engineering society president). Additional causes for his bewilderment were attributable to his inability to understand the Hebrew

used in Applied Mechanics, and a number of physical shortcomings, including terminal flatulence and an unknown incurable social disease he got from Joanne (Geez, he learns fast), roommate of Sue, friend of Joe, A.W.K.E.S.P. (Rumour has it that Joe, A.W.K.E.S.P. has been seen at the campus clinic).

The realization of an impending disaster (windfall\*) rippled through the audience with amazing speed. In the ensuing silence, Annie Nurse (the one who chases cars) cried in a hysterical drunken slur, "Doan jump!" The hoards countered with a blood curdling yell of, "Jump!" A big grin spread across the impending victim's face, and with an amazing

back sumi (somersault) he leapt to his death 3040 mm. below. Attention then reverted to the uncomely vision of Joe, A.W.K.E.S.P., who knows Sue, roommate of Joanne, ex of the victim, cavorting in only gotchies and a grin.

Suddenly, two minutes later, a spectre arose behind the stands, and we witnessed the resurrection of Mike P. Rowdy, bearing the clothes of a well known engineering society president, and actually cured of the unknown incurable social disease. Apparently, a cushion of smell emanating from the socks broke his fall.

He had returned to haunt the faculty of engineering for (God forbid) 3 31/32 years.

# Burning Rectal Itch

The U of T clinic has become extremely alarmed at the epidemic spread of a new and previously unknown social disease tentatively labelled J.D..

The centre recommends a temporary moratorium on all sexual relationships on campus, except those with card-bearing engineers.

Doctors are speculating that a possible cure for this disease may be the commission of suicide, based on recent evidence.

# A GOOD HEAD.



# TOIKE JOIKES TOX!\*P TOX!\*T

\*\*\*\*\*

A detective was questioning some characters in a disreputable district about a particularly vicious crime. He entered a bar and asked a drunk, "Do you know a man with one eye named Tony?"

"Can't shay that I do," hiccupped the drunk. "Wot's the name of his other eye?"

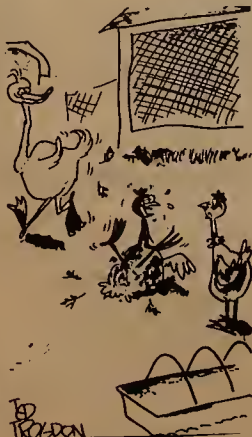
\* \* \* \*

\*\*\*\*\*

On Saturday September 10, Annie Nurse jumped onto the moving vehicle of Joe, A.W.K.E.S.P. (a well-known engineering society president). She badly wanted the big ball in Joe's car, but unfortunately she slipped off, damaging herself and the pavement. Luckily, she only damaged her head, and all her good parts remained intact, though later it was found that she had an unknown incurable social disease.

Some upperclassmen discreetly laid their charges under the stands.

\*\*\*\*\*



"Sometimes a big goose is better than a small cock."

\*\*\*\*\*

He: "How long may I stay here with you?"

She: "Take all the time you want."

He: "Thanks, but I've left my watch at home."

She: "Don't worry, there's a calendar on the wall behind you."

\*\*\*\*\*

A Mix-up

It seems that there were two brothers named Jones. They were twins. John was married and Joe was the owner of a dilapidated old row boat.

John's wife died, and on the same day Joe's boat sank. An old lady happened to meet Joe on the street and, mistaking him for John, said, "Oh, Mr. Jones, I was sorry to hear of your loss. You must feel terrible."

Joe replied, "Well, I'm not a bit sorry. She was a rotten old thing from the very start. Her bottom was all chewed up and she smelled like an old dead fish! Even the first time I got in her, she made water faster than anything I ever saw. She had a bad crack and a pretty big hole in the front. The hole kept getting bigger and bigger every time I used her. I got so I could handle her all right but when anyone else used her she leaked very badly.

But this really finished her. Four guys from the other side of town came over looking for a good time and asked if I would rent her to

them. I warned them she wasn't so hot but they said they'd take a crack at her anyhow. The result was that the crazy fools tried to get in her all at the same time. It was too much for her. She cracked right down the middle."

The kindly old lady fainted.

\*\*\*\*\*

Moonlight Handicap Pyjamas 8 to 1

Passionate Lady 6 to 1  
White Thighs 5 to 1  
Big Dick 2 to 1  
Lovely Hips 9 to 1  
Lovely Legs 12 to 1  
Silk Panties 10 to 1  
Clean Sheet 20 to 1  
Conscience 100 to 1  
Bare Belly 10 to 1  
They're at the post ... they're off ...

Silk Panties and Pyjamas are off with a rush, Clean Sheet is in a desperate position. Conscience unfortunately was left at the post. Passionate Lady and White Thighs are close together with Bid Dick slowly but surely edging his way between Silk Panties and Lovely Legs.

At the turn Passionate Lady is under heavy pressure. Lovely Legs is

drawing apart, with Big Dick slowly forcing his way into the gap. It's a fight between Passionate Lady and Big Dick but she is taking all he can give her. It looks like a tight finish. Passionate Lady is foaming with excitement too late, while White Thighs and Lovely Legs are fully extended ... and it's over... Big Dick has won the day. He made his finishing spurt with a dashing big heat.

Summing up, Big Dick looked a winner all the way, Lovely Legs soon opened up. Passionate Lady proved game all the way and will carry more weight next time. Silk Panties was a hopeless mess, Clean Sheet never had a chance. Conscience was never in the way. On the hole a tight finish. Incidentally, Bare Belly was scratched.

Boy what a thrilling race!

\*\*\*\*\*

Teacher: "Why are you late today?"

Johnny: "I had to take the bull to the cow."

Teacher: "Couldn't your father have done that?"

Johnny: "No, Miss, it has to be a bull."



# SEX IN THE STACKS



Many Skulemen are concerned about the prolonged loss of use of the Sandford Fleming building and its implications. The most important change is the opening of the old Metro Library Building as an Engineering facility. Toike Oike interviewed Dean Etkin in order to provide engineering students with updated information of this new development.

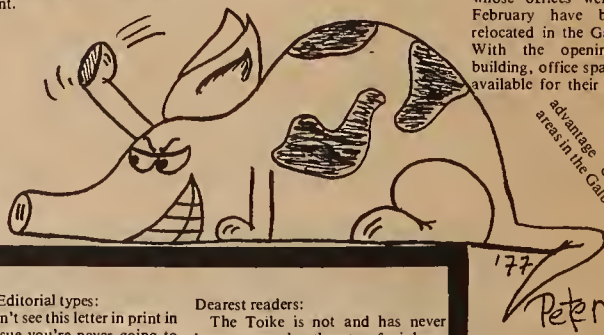
This building, which was officially opened on September 12, is intended to replace, as far as possible, those academic areas, offices, and other facilities lost in the Sandford Fleming and Galbraith buildings.

Although the thirteen teaching areas are set up for use as tutorial or seminar rooms, provision is made for small and informal lectures in graduate studies courses. These rooms are spacious, with large windows and high ceilings. Dean Etkin, while conducting a guided

tour of the Library, commented that the new rooms are "every bit as good as those in the Galbraith Building".

However, there are some unknowns as far as these areas are concerned. Until the rooms are actually in use, it is difficult to determine whether acoustic or lighting problems exist. Such difficulties, should they arise, will be remedied with a minimum of inconvenience to the student.

But classrooms are not all that the Library building will house. Professors and graduate students whose offices were destroyed last February have been temporarily relocated in the Galbraith building. With the opening of the ML building, office space has been made available for their use. This has the



## Attention Editorial types:

If we don't see this letter in print in the next issue you're never going to see the cat with no nose alive again. And the pizzas for the next make-up will be delivered over an hour and a half late, if at all. Youse have been warned.

## Dearest readers:

The Toike is not and has never been swung by threats of violence and other nasty things. Nevertheless, it is obvious that with the mysterious M we are dealing with an unknown and less than rational quantity. In the public's interest, we felt we could not do less than bow to his demands. It is only hoped that this will not be allowed to develop into a reign of terror. It is up to the citizens of this country to see that such a reprehensible character is not long allowed to hold the Society as we know it in the grip of fear.

The Editor

HEY b+c CHIEF!

WE under ST and dat you SE GuY HAVE TAKAN  
OVER Our U of T TRAWNS letRITORY IN DE  
PAS T E YEARS. WE HAVE GOT BIG plan

for is terRitory SO meeT US Thursday

Sept. 22 At NOOD In ou.

TEMPORAR OFFICE SF-1. WE N

MUSC E. WE U diskus HOW WE

SPlit up the PLE. OUR PL'S.

MARIO  
MARIO'S BAKER  
NEWARK N.J.

GODIVA'S

BOX

Seeing how this is a first, not only my first makeup but the first serious attempt at an editorial input in the Toike in a long time, I have changed my mind and decided not to be overly nasty to anyone. There's no need to expect this to become a habit. If I feel it's necessary I'm quite prepared to get unfriendly. We'll see.

\*\*\*

It was interesting to note that the Varsity staff is starting out with its record for keeping a collective head in the sand intact. The fact that they are mainly artists and so did not start classes until this Monday notwithstanding, I have reason to believe that some of them were alive last week and should have known that our orientation activities were nearly over on Sunday when that esteemed rag (in the forefront of socialist journalism since 1971) announced their commencement. I mean, did they really miss Godiva on the front page of the Sun, or fail to realize that it was we engineers (and not Physical Plant - they just sealed it as it was) who decided to relieve a campus that is overrun with eyesores of its worst one. But we never expect accurate reporting from that source anyway.

\*\*\*

As you may have noticed, there are a lot of differences in this Toike from last years'. If, on the other hand, you just read the Joikes, you won't have noticed and you won't be reading this anyway. But what I want from you are your comments. I know what I think of them, and some of them aren't as impressive in print as they sounded during the summer.

\*\*\*

There was an impressive performance of the Great Canadian Railroad (or Using Roberts' Rules for Fun, Profit, and Hustling) on Tuesday, September 5. A replay is probably forthcoming on September 27 at the special Council meeting. A fine example for budding dictators and other fanatics.

\*\*\*

Is the Campus as Campus Centre Project to rot again in someone's file drawer as a result of SAC incompetence (or is it just stupidity)? There is little excuse for having the St. George Freeway still cutting through a busy campus. You keep claiming the credit for the slogan, Mr. Jones. So why don't you and your friends "Get Behind It"?

the tubes. I will no longer show up either, and then you can typeset your own goddamn paper.

Lotsaluv,  
fingers editor.

Box,

It has come to my attention that this faculty is trying to switch the grade reporting system from one of percentages to one of letter grades. What kind of absurdity is this? The percentage system has served us effectively and efficiently for decades. A student knows exactly where he stands and more importantly, so does the employer. The engineering employer is used to the concept of percentage points. He knows or can very easily find out what seventy percent from U of T engineering means. To substitute letter grades would only introduce

uncertainty and make him less sure. He won't know what he is dealing with. Read the papers and listen to the economists! Not only is our economy in bad shape now, but we are headed for yet another downturn in the near future. Our fight to find employment will be difficult enough without the faculty further handicapping us in this fashion.

Why don't the professors who are involved in the administration of the faculty practice what they preach as professors? For four years we are told, "Eliminate uncertainty. Be exact. Get rid of noise. Bring the error in your experiments down to a mere percent. If you can't be sure of your results, then your results are useless." Our administrators have turned a blind eye and choose instead to exercise hypocrisy. If they demand accuracy of us then we have equal cause to demand it of them. Exac-

titude in our work requires and demands exactness in a marking system.

Perhaps though, the most sickening side to this whole story is how the letter grades are arrived at. The professors will send their marks as percentages to the faculty office where they will be converted to the letter grades which will appear on the students' reports. The overall average will, however, be calculated from and appear as a percentage. What kind of exercise in wastefulness is this? As engineers we must lead our society in the practice of conservation. It will be up to us to find new ways to conserve, merely to ensure the future. How can those that run the faculty be so irresponsible as to waste time, effort, and money in converting the marks of a highly efficient grading system into less efficient mark ranges when

it is not even necessary to do so, and they add nothing? Less than four hundred yards away, the second largest electrical utility in North America is on its knees, begging us to conserve, pleading with us to be more efficient with our resources. Our faculty blatantly chooses to step on its neck. Is this an example for us to follow?

The students, armed with the knowledge that the individual professors have their marks in a more exact form will not hesitate to pester them until they are divulged. Do our administrators have no respect for their professors' time? Yet another example of gross inefficiency and inconsiderateness.

Box, I am shocked and disgusted at the stupidity that this faculty demonstrates.

Chris Morgan,  
Eng. Sci. IV.

DEAREST BOX:  
Eng. Sci. Sux; Rob Yates Sucks, This place sucks.

Dear Ms. Oike:

Gordon McConachie is not Monty Python (but he sure tries). Were the FI is the Toike Oike put at Erindale\*\* I keep missing issues.

Love,  
an Erindalian (please)  
P.S.: Bruce Dowbiggen is in love with his right hand.

Dearest Box;

What the fuck kind of make-up was this? In attendance were the usual gang plus four rambunctious frosch. How can I work under these conditions\* Where the hell was everybody\* If things don't get better soon, this paper is going to go down





# Romance?!!!

Engineering Society Presents . . .

## F!ROSH DANCE

FRIDAY SEPT. 16 8:00pm

WETMORE HALL NEW COLLEGE

Engineering Frosh and ALL women and Nurses **FREE!!**

All others \$1.50



Tickets available at the Engineering Stores and at the door.

## ATTENTION TREKKIES

Coming to Convocation Hall

September 20th,  
at 8:00 pm

### SCOTTY

from

### STAR TREK



Seeking New Life Forms (Swoosh)

Exploring Strange New Worlds (Swish) Boldly  
Going Where No Man Has Gone Before (Swash)

SCOTTY (James Doohan) discussing STAR TREK's  
place in Contemporary North-American Society.  
Plus an added bonus!!!! STAR TREK Film Clips.

Tickets available at the SAC

orifice, 12 Hart House Circle, other SAC tickets  
outlets at Scarborough, Erindale and Syd Smith.

3.50 General Admission

2.50 U of T Students



Brought to you by

YOUR Students Administrative Council



Letter Open

## UP YOUR EARS!

YOUR COUNTRY AND YOUR  
LIFE MAY DEPEND UPON IT...

SEPTEMBER 20TH AT 12:00 P.M.

"Quebec at the Crossroads"

from Quebec City:

CERARD CODIN

Member of the Notional Assembly

will speak at the Med. Sci. Auditorium

●●●●●●●●

SEPTEMBER 21ST AT 12:00 P.M.

"Nuclear Power — Energy or Extinction?"

DOUC SAUNDERS of the GREENPEACE  
VS FOUNDATION

ALAN WYATT Chairman of the Public Affairs Committee  
of the CANADIAN NUCLEAR ASSOCIATION

at the Hart House Debate Room

Brought to you by  
Students' Administrative Council  
of the  
University of Toronto

## TWO IMPORTANT DATES



# Orientation Log Log Log



The virgin Frosh and some veteran  
Skulers  
Gathered at 9:00 with large loaded  
coolers.  
The Frosh then worked from the  
break of Dawn  
Jumping like Jackals all over the  
lawn.



The Cannon awoke, and as we all  
sang:  
Our good sporting Nurses went off  
with a bang.  
The buses were packed with Frosh  
quite erect  
Spastic with cheers they'd learn to  
respect.



Meanwhile upperclassmen were  
belting there rum,  
Which happens to be the main reason  
they cum.  
And after the pond soaks and earth  
ball was played  
This poem was written which won't  
make the grade.







Scout protecting child from mad dog  
Mad Dog

The first thing to do is to kill the mad dog at once. Wrap a handkerchief around the hand to prevent the dog's teeth from entering the flesh and grasp a club of some kind. If you can stop the dog with a stick you should hit him hard over the head with it, or kick him under the jaw. A handkerchief held in front of you in your outstretched hands will generally cause the dog to stop to paw it before he attempts to bite you. This will give you an opportunity to kick him under the lower jaw.

Another way suggested is to wrap a coat around the left arm and let the dog bite it; then with the other hand seize the dog's throat and choke him.

The man who likes to lie in bed can usually find a girl willing to listen to him do it . . .







## The Joke's On YOU

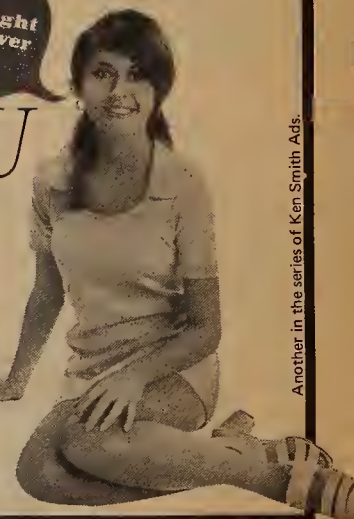
IF YOU'RE NOT  
GETTING THE  
MOST FOR  
YOUR MONEY...

REALLY  
**DUCKY**  
BUYS!



**ENGINEERING STORES  
2ND FLOOR  
ENGINEERING ANNEX  
(UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE)**

Notebooks  
Exam reprints  
Binders  
Drafting supplies  
Schaum's notes  
Pens  
Pencils  
Paper  
Calculators  
BFC buttons  
LGMB records  
Booze and sex  
(Sometimes)



Another in the series of Ken Smith Ads.

# SIMPSON'S BRIEFS

The unicameral governing structure of the University of Toronto is currently being examined by an external reviewer, Dr. J. B. Macdonald. Dr. Macdonald is the former director of the Addiction Research Foundation. As part of the review process, Dr. Macdonald has indicated his willingness to receive briefs from concerned groups and individuals. The following article is the Engineering Society Brief for the External Review of Governing Council. The Brief was written jointly by Tom Simpson,

Although this brief does not propose any radical changes in the structure or the composition of the committees of Governing Council, it is appropriate here to point out two crucial concepts that must be kept in the minds of those who might propose such changes. Firstly, there is the policy of Governing Council that no estate should have the majority of the representatives on any Standing Committee. This is particularly important in relation to the Planning and Resources Committee and the Academic Affairs Committee.

Under the unicameral concept the second policy to be understood in order to achieve maximum effectiveness of the system is that a high degree of communication is required, especially between the two abovementioned committees.

We have seen that a legislative body cannot have credibility or carry on effective operations if one estate has a greater role than the others. Because the faculty does not have absolute control over academic matters under the unicameral system, they have taken an adversary approach in their dealings with Governing Council. Confrontation cannot build constructive cooperation in the spirit of the legislative process. The faculty has yet to explore the full potential of its voice under the present Governing Council structure; they cannot claim the structure is a failure until this is done.

The principle difficulty with the operation of Governing Council has not been the unicameral structure but rather the Council's notion of its role within the University of Toronto governing structure. As the highest governing body within this university, Council should be primarily concerned with the formation of fundamental policies. By allowing itself to become bogged down in the details of such policies, Governing Council has attracted criticism from within and from without the University. The public has become upset with the inadequacies of universities in

general, and the University of Toronto in particular, to provide leadership with respect to such controversial matters as the educational adequacy of high school graduates, the overproduction of teachers, and the fees of foreign visa students. To date Governing Council has neglected this aspect of its duties and has thus been forced to react to government action after the fact. Within the university the various divisions have become frustrated with the excessive intervention by Governing Council in the routine operations of each divisional council. Governing Council should be only the policy leader for the university community.

Within the University, Governing Council should establish guidelines for the divisions to follow in implementing its policies. This should not include the specification of the only acceptable means of such implementation. Instead, detailed plans should be submitted by each division as to how they would meet the requirements of Governing Council in a fashion consistent with the particular characteristics of that division. The size and complexity of this University demands that the workload be distributed throughout the governing structure in this fashion. Certainly the Governing Council must scrutinize the activities of divisional Councils but the recent controversy surrounding a Grading Practices Policy has made abundantly clear the folly of attempting to decree uniform policies throughout the university. Recognition by Governing Council that its role lies in the formulation of basic policies and the coordination of university activities while leaving the problems of implementation to the divisional Councils would greatly streamline the University of Toronto governing process. Involvement of divisional Councils in the governing process could be significantly enhanced by a minor change in the procedure by which Governing Council considers submissions. Currently committees and sub-committees should return a divisional council submission with a

statement of how it diverges from Governing Council policy. As much as possible the effort to meet this policy should be left with the divisional council.

Government appointees on Governing Council are here to stay, and this brief supports this. However, the composition and the selection process for appointments is of concern. There is a great need for a broader representation of the Ontario taxpayers. Presently, appointees are largely businessmen or professionals; other perspectives are needed. Representation should include people from business, labour, the secondary school system and the communities surrounding the three campuses comprising the U of T. Community representatives could be drawn from the municipalities or community groups. A more effective External Affairs Committee and better community relations would be benefits of this wider representation.

If this is to be done, a more formal procedure for the nomination and the selection of these appointees must be created. Included in this procedure would be a provision for members of the University of Toronto community to make suggestions for government consideration in making the appointments. The final selection should be made by the Ontario legislature.

Although the arguments for equal representation from faculty and students are still valid and equal representation from faculty and students remains a goal, the Society will, in the end, stand by the recommendations of the Governing Council in the Internal Review of 1974. A 13-11 faculty-student ratio was the final decision at that time; anything less in the number of students is unacceptable. The increased number of students would result in the following benefits: lighter workloads on student governors, representation from both Etobicoke and Scarborough, and increased acceptance of Governing Council decisions as a result of students being satisfied that their

input was more than token. Students now have a record to stand on. A line of outstanding student governors with a keen interest and ability have represented the student's viewpoint and served the University admirably in their contribution to the governing process.

The budgetary process exemplifies the advantages of unicameral government as well as the problems with the present Governing Council. For effective operation of a University, academic policies must determine budgeting priorities. The Governing Council should create more thorough budget guidelines for the divisional submissions as well as for the Budget Committee. This provision of a criteria against which budget submissions could be judged would reduce the characteristic bitterness surrounding the budgetary process by encouraging cooperation throughout the University community. Further towards the enhancement of divisional Council involvement in University government, the individual division submissions should not be considered a private matter between each Dean and the Budget Committee. Each division's budget submission should be open to examination by the appropriate divisional Council to ensure that it adheres to the accepted priorities.

Lack of awareness of the operations of Governing Council in general is one of the fundamental problems at present. Every divisional Council should be quite aware of their relationship with Governing Council and the extent to which their decisions are subject to approval by this higher authority. Governing Council must make a concerted effort to make the entire university community aware of Governing Council in order that the most people may have input to the University of Toronto governing structure. Governing Council can be more effective simply by making itself more apparent; greater involvement of the entire University community in the governing process would accomplish this objective.



# CHANCE FOR A CHUCKLE

This is one of those days when people deserve a chuckle. All of us (well some of us) have endured the confusion of traffic accidents and tried to summarize on those pitifully inadequate insurance forms in a few words or less, exactly what happened.

The following was published by Tilden, Canada's foremost home-grown car rental business for internal distribution. These summaries were actually submitted when police asked for a brief statement on how a particular accident occurred.

•Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have.

•The other car collided with mine without giving warning of its intentions.

•I thought my window was down, but found it was up when I put my hand through it.

•I collided with a stationary truck coming the other way.

•A truck backed through my windshield into my wife's face.

•A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

•The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.

•I pulled away from the side of the



road, glanced at my Mother-in-Law, and headed over the embankment.

•As I backed out of my driveway, the gentlemen struck me on my backside. He then went to rest in my bush with just his rear end showing.

•In my attempt to kill a fly, I drove into a telephone pole.

•I had been driving my car for forty years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had the accident.

•The accident occurred when I was attempting to bring my car out of a skid by steering it into the other vehicle.

•I had been learning to drive with power steering. I turned the wheel to what I thought was enough and found myself in a different direction going the opposite way.

•I was backing my car out of the driveway in the usual manner, when it was struck by the other car in the same place it had been struck several times before.

•I was on my way to the doctors with rear end trouble when my universal joint gave way causing me to have an accident.

•I was taking my canary to the hospital. It got loose in the car and flew out the window. The next thing I saw was his rear end and there was a crash.

•As I approached the intersection, a stop sign suddenly appeared in a place where no stop sign had ever appeared before. I was unable to stop in time to avoid the accident.

•To avoid hitting the bumper of the car in front, I struck the pedestrian.

•My car was legally parked as it backed into the other vehicle.

•An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle, and disappeared.

•I told the police that I was not injured, but on removing my hat, I found that I had a fractured skull.

•I was sure the old fellow would never make it to the other side of the roadway when I struck him.

•When I saw I could not avoid a collision, I stepped on the gas and crashed into the other car.

•The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran him over.

•The indirect cause of this accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth.

•I saw the slow-moving, sad-faced old gentleman as he bounced off the hood of my car.

•I was thrown from my car as it left the road. I was later found in a field by some stray cows.

•The accident happened when the right front door of a car came around the corner without signalling.

•The telephone pole was approaching fast. I was attempting to swerve out of its path when it struck my front end.

•I saw her look at me twice. She appeared to be making slow progress when we met on impact.

•No one was to blame for the accident but it never would have happened if the other driver had been alert.

•I was unable to stop in time and my car crashed into the other vehicle. The driver and passengers then left immediately for a vacation with injuries.

## Shine on Harvey's Moon



## metro shinerama for cystic fibrosis research

Saturday Sept 17 9:00 A.M. King's College Circle

Everyone welcome afterwards to the Nursing Shiners

Celebration pub at the U.C. Refectory Saturday night

## help give a child the breath of life

It's SHINING Season again. Once again this September 17 hundreds, possibly millions of eager shiners from U. of T. will compete with the Yonge Street regulars in shining the shoes of the affluent Torontonians and the feet of the not-so-affluent. However, for those who may not know how to shine, here are some helpful hints:

1. Shine the person's shoes only as a last resort. First try to get their wallet, empty it and replace it while they are looking for an open body-rub palace.

2. If this indirect approach of money raising is not possible or if one member of your group has just been arrested, confront the prospective donor directly and threaten them with curses of your ancient ancestors haunting them while they are alone in their bathtubs.

3. If the prospective donor is still not dishing out any bread, get down on your knees and whimper and cry hysterically. This should embarrass them sufficiently so that they will throw you some change.

4. However, if the person insists on a shoe-shine while you're on your knees, sigh with resignation and reach for your shoe-shine kit.

5. To make it more worth your while, now step on your shinee's shoes and scuff them up. This will ensure that they will be impressed with the terrific job you might do.

6. If your shinee still hasn't wisely changed his mind, choose your polish. Being supplied with only black and brown greatly reduces your problem, all you have to do is flip a coin.

7. Now apply the polish with caressing strokes, gently smoothing it into the tiny creases of the supple leather (or vinyl).

8. Once the maximum amount of polish has been transferred from your fingers to the shoe, attack with your brush, while doing a Maori war dance around your shinee.

9. As you fall to the ground exhausted, remember to hold your tin can out beseechingly to the shinee, and then listen to the gratifying sound of money falling into your can.

10. Stand up, eat your MacDonald's french fries and start from step 1 again. Don't grovel too much, but be nice.

So ... good luck troops, and remember it's not whether you play the game, it's how you shine the shoe.

NOTE: Argo tickets to the the Sunday September 18th game will be given out to all shiners.

Poco  
Shinerama Coordinator



# MONOLOGUE

## JOE SPEAKS

I'd like to take this opportunity to welcome you to another year of fun and games, some of you for the first time, and the rest of you veterans. Mind you, the opportunity to write this article almost didn't arise, after certain acts of gross physical abuse were perpetrated upon my humble (ed. note: hardly humble no matter what else.) body by unruly hordes of Frosh at Hart House Farm. I'd like to point out to those responsible that I have a long memory and that I will eventually get even, if it takes forever.

A great deal of water has passed under the proverbial bridge since April. The Engineering Society Constitution has been critically examined by a Committee of Council and has undergone a drastic rewriting process. The Committee submitted its ninth and final draft to the Executive Committee on August 16. The Executive passed this version in its meeting of September 7 (with some minor changes), and this version was submitted to Council in its meeting this past Tuesday. It will come up for full debate at a special Constitutional Council meeting on September 27. If passed by the Full Council on September 27, it will go before the members of the Society in a referendum on October 14.

The summer saw the creation of an excellent Engineering Handbook. It was edited by Eric Hartwell, an NY grad, and former Toike editor. The handbook became available to all Engineering undergrads this week.

Considerable discussion took place among the various student societies during the summer as a result of Governing Council's decision to reconsider the principle of the University's collecting compulsory non-academic incidental fees (eg. athletics, SAC, Engineering Society, Hart House, etc.) The results of these discussions was a joint student brief urging the University to continue to collect such fees, and outlining the disastrous problems that would arise if the fees were no longer collected by the University. The brief has received endorsements from student societies all across Campus, and will be submitted to the Internal Affairs Committee of Governing Council on September 20.

The summer months also saw the Engineering Society take a definite stand in favour of supporting the Unicameral System of Government at this University. A brief was submitted to the external reviewer of the Governing Council system, Dr. J.B. Macdonald.

Chris Webber, Vice-President: Activities, in conjunction with the BFC, planned and executed a rather substantial and successful orientation program. I don't think the Frosh will readily forget it. I can state with some certainty that I won't, at least not until the bruises heal.

Oktoberfest is on again for this year. The scheduled date is Friday, October 7. The capacity will be doubled from that of last year, with four circus tents providing accommodation for thirsty Engineers (and maybe others). In addition, there will be live entertainment, games, and food. Draught beer will be served. Admission in the evening will be by advanced ticket sales only. These tickets are \$2.50/crock and go on sale today at the Engineering Stores and SAC ticket outlets. I would strongly suggest getting yours early, as only 2000 are available.

Shinerama is on for this Saturday. Meet at the Engineering Annex at 9:00 am. Three hundred Argonaut tickets for Sunday's game against Montreal are being distributed to the participants. In addition, the Nurses are holding their Shinerama Pub Saturday evening at 5:00 pm in the UC Refectory.

The articles on this page are the first of a series. They are a reflection of the Engineering Society's desire to increase Engineering undergraduates' participation in current issues. They are meant to be informative and also to stimulate comment. The articles, for the most part, will come from guest authors commenting on areas in which they have a unique perspective. The articles will not officially represent the viewpoint of the Engineering Society except as noted.

## WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?

Ever wonder what it would be like to NOT have free frosh pubs or assaults on SAC? Or slave auctions, Toikes and chariot races? Well, a certain prof on the U of T's top governing body, the Governing Council, has been wondering about just such a paradise. His name is Bliss (pronounced Blitz) and he has raised the issue of whether student societies should be allowed to continue to put us through the kind of hell we have come to expect. It's hard to say why he's so upset; he's never been put on anyone's scavenger hunt list, yet! Anyway, he has decided that Bliss knows best and has set out to destroy all student societies

Richard Johnston

by ending compulsory incidental fees (except Hart House fees, Health Service, fees, etc.). When you get right down to it though you realize that there just isn't any problem behind all of this wind. If Eng. Soc. or SAC or any other society is fucking up then we should be the ones who raise shit, not some committee of Governing Council. Students formed these societies and students run these societies. If you've got a beef with any student society then make yourself heard even if you have to rip the pants off your president.

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN!

A couple aged 67 went into the doctor's office. He said, "What can I do for you?"

The man said, "Will you watch us have intercourse?"

The doctor looked puzzled but agreed. When the couple had finished, the doctor said, "There's nothing wrong with the way you have intercourse." He charged them \$10.00 and they left.

This happened several weeks in a row. The couple would make an

appointment, have intercourse, pay the doctor \$10.00 and leave.

Finally, the doctor said, "What exactly are you trying to find out?"

The man said, "Oh we're not trying to find out anything. She's married and we can't do it at her house. I'm married and we can't do it at my house. The Royal York charges \$25.00 a night and Sutton Place charges \$23.00, we do it here for \$10.00 and I get \$9.00 back from OHIP."

## CALCULATOR SPECIFICATION MODEL 109T

**\$32.95**

Electronic pocket calculator for technical-scientific calculations

Capacity:	B-digit mantissa + 2-digit exponents (10 <sup>99</sup> through 10 <sup>99</sup> ) + 2 signs
Calculation methods:	Four basic operations Chain calculation Repeat calculations Mathematical (algebraic) calculation logic Clear entry and clear all
Decimal system:	Floating decimal point with underflow
Memory:	One independent memory register. Bracket calculations in 2 levels
Constant:	Automatic constant for four calculation methods: Pi (π), B digits
Special features:	Automatic raising to power x <sup>r</sup> (also fractional exponents), square root, trigonometrical functions sin, cos, tan, and inverse functions, switchable radians/sexagesimal/centesimal degrees, Deg, min, sec — decimal degrees. Polar coordinates — rectangular cartesian coordinates. Logarithmic functions: (log, ln, 10 <sup>x</sup> , e <sup>x</sup> ). Change sign, reciprocal calculations and exchange.
Display:	Large green digitron display Minus and overflow symbol.
Power supply:	Rechargeable Ni-CAD batteries and adapter/charger (disposable batteries, size Mignon (AA) usable).

BOOKS

UNIVERSITY BOOKROOM



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 • Attn: Mr. Mickey Mouse  
 • SAC Dome Maintenance Dept.  
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PLEASE MAKE ALL PAYMENTS PROMPTLY, DESPITE THE FACT THAT THE BFC IS A MYTHICAL ORGANISATION THAT DOES NOT EXIST, HAS NOT EXISTED, AND WILL NOT EXIST.

BRUTE FORCE COMMITTEE  
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To apply undercoat to Old Observatory Dome

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10% Overhead

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25% Graft

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Bar Tab

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Payment to be IN SMALL UNMARKED BILLS only. Leave total amount in a brown paper bag in third stall from the left, second floor Engineering Annex men's room at 13:27 Monday September 19.

PLEASE PAY THIS AMOUNT IN CANADIAN FUNDS

\$ 496.58

URGENT INVOICE



# 1<sup>st</sup> Annual Varsity BLues Booster Sign Contest

at the next Varsity Blues Game Sept. 17. Two prizes of thirty dollars will be awarded to the maker(s) of the Booster Signs judged the most worthy by the Blues. The prize money will be presented at half time. Signs will be judged on the basis of size and originality. Signs may be displayed anywhere in the stadium visible from the Blues bench, especially on the walls surrounding the running track.

## WIN \$30



## Jock Odour

Feeling frustrated? School getting you down? Girlfriend giving you a hard time? Need a release? The solution is, of course, the squash court. Let that little black ball be your favourite professor's head. Feel release every time you smash it to smithereens. We all know however, how difficult it is to get a court anywhere in Toronto. The ideal solution! Join an engineering squash team! You can have your courts booked for you. You don't even have to worry about finding an opponent because we'll supply them.

Engineering squash has had a long and illustrious history. We have risen to the glorious heights of fielding as many as six teams in one year and we have plunged to the ignominiousness of having two teams simultaneously default in the same season. We have yet, though, to win a championship. This year we shall try to produce three teams (at least) and will require players and a team organizer for each. We shall have to know fairly early on if this is a possibility. The season may start in November and will stretch into the spring term. There will be other articles in this the most widely-read newspaper on campus and notices will appear throughout the engineering buildings. If you know which end of the racquet to hold, then say "Yes" when your recruiter comes calling. In the meantime, fight your way to book courts at Hart House (or wherever), make sure you practice, and hog that tee. Any questions? Phone Chris Morgan at 483-8702.

## UP!

"Hello, give me Central 0999 please."  
Husband: "Is this Doctor Smith?"  
Doctor: "Yes Sir". Husband: "My wife is all run down and she is very ill. What would you advise me to do?"

At this point, the Operator cut the husband off by mistake and connected him with a locomotive engineer who was telling a boiler-maker what to do to make his broken boiler work. Engineer: "Draw her water off. Give her time to cool. Take her jacket off and feel her bottom. Then blow her tube out and give her time to get hot again. Then try a little grease with a ten inch stroke, keeping good time.

Soak in her for a few seconds to loosen her nuts until she blows off. Try her backwards and if she isn't better, let some fellow have a crack at her."

Husband: "You go to hell".

## Keeps on tasting great.





# *“Psst! Hey Sailor! New In Town?”*

## Register now for Toronto's Fall INDOOR REGATTA SEASON

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A VESSEL with every 25¢ purchase

After a long grueling day on the boats with your mates, obtain nourishment for your aching body with DJ's Prime Hip-of-Beef Buffet for only \$2.50

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*Featuring*

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*Noon-1am*

*Thurs-Sat*

*Noon-8pm*

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re-gat-ta: *n*, A boat race or organised series of boat races (*IT* regata, gondola race)